Volume VIII Chicago, Ill., March, 1932 Number 12

The Liberalist

LENT

The simple rite
Of keeping Lent,
Is not alone with garments rent,
Or fasting daily....penitent,

But going to some lovely place....
A quiet church, a little space
Of open country, or alone
In some dear room....at home,

And in such solitude,
Forget the word that hurt; the tear
That would not check; the fear
That would not stifle.
There to think
On each small stubborn sin
Long closeted within.

Let calmness saturate the soul
And leave it emptied of all else
Save peace and fortitude,
To fill anew with song....
And truth....and beauty!

This is the sacrament....
Of keeping Lent.

—Francesca Falk Miller,

Ash Wednesday, 1932.
For Preston Bradley.

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

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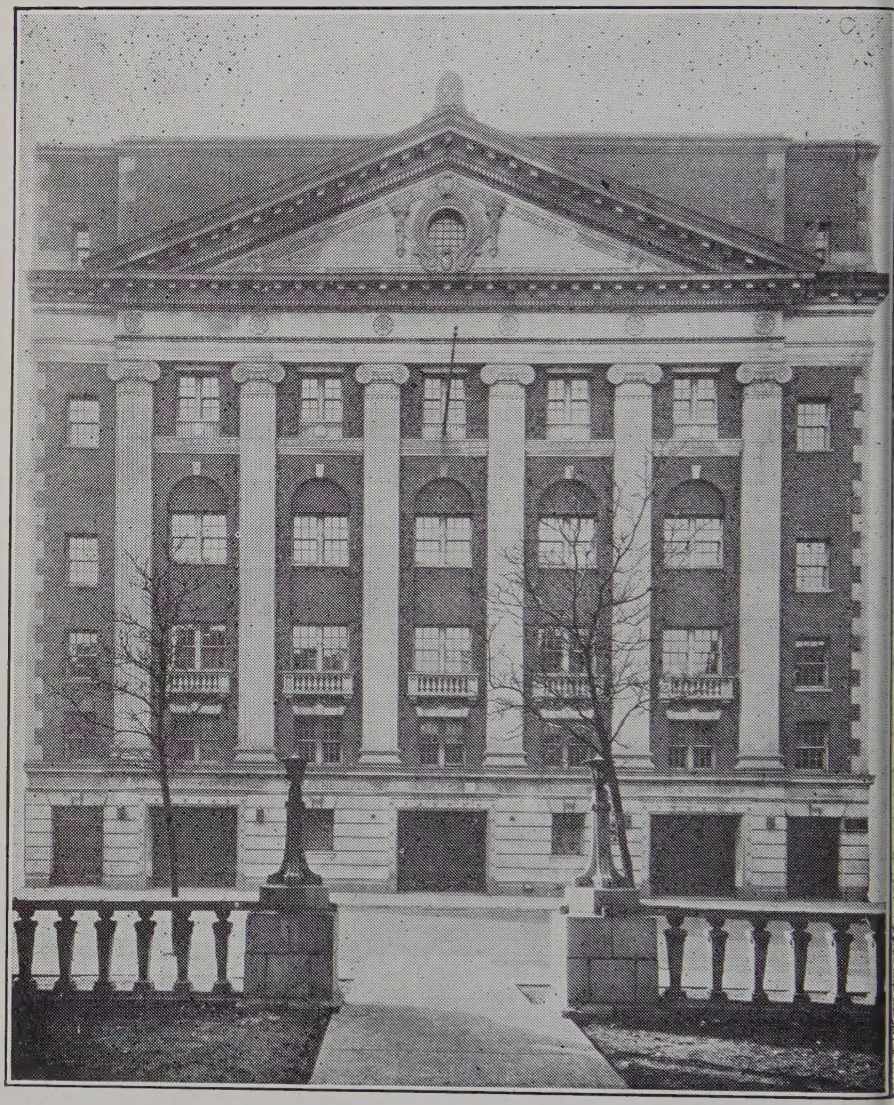

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO AT
941 LAWRENCE AVENUE. Near Sheridan Road.

THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Volume VIII Chicago, Ill., March, 1932 Number 12

MEDITATION

"Infinite and everlasting Heart, if we were to be commanded by our environment today and the cold blasts of the world were to be the final judgments of our hearts, life would be dark and dismal and frigid, but we are glad that there floats through our souls the consciousness of a very old poem, 'If Winter Comes, Need Spring Be Far Behind?' So, today, no matter how the blasts of a belated winter might touch our hearts or our souls, we know that in the very semblance of the sunshine there is the prophecy of the warmth of Spring.

Today our hearts would be crowned and coronated with love, and our minds are so filled with that anxiety which comes from separated love. All the world lingers today by the side of a baby's empty crib, and that love which from the beginning of the beginning until now is aflame anew in our hearts as in its sustaining beauty and power we would send it leaping across the sky to the hearts of those in anxiety and in fear. Surely, surely, love cannot be defeated! Surely where there is so much love and so much concern that when it is crystallized into a definite power it cannot help but touch the hearts and minds of those, somewhere, with the responsibility upon their hands of all this grief and sin.

Somehow, from a thousand pulpits of the world, from the sacred altars of our Catholic friends, from the temples of our Jewish friends, from the pulpits of the Protestantism of the world, man and priest and rabbi cannot vainly be raising their voices with mine in one great unison at this moment for the restoration of that baby. Surely love will find a way to touch the hearts. Surely love with its restoring power must prevail over every other motive of men!

We know that love did not do the deed. We know that God is not responsible, and we know that God can bring the baby back only when love touches the hearts of men. So, today, we would, from the depths of our souls and the depths of our hearts, add our prayers, too, and infinite and eternal Heart there will be no labels on these prayers. We cannot make Catholic prayers nor Jewish prayers, nor Protestant prayers—just human prayers of hearts that are aching, just prayers of love!

Bless all the mothers of the world. Bless all the babies of the world. Mother love is mother love with them whether it is in a hovel, obscurity or mansion. Mother love is mother love around the world, and little babies cry and laugh in only one language, the language of babyhood, and the little babies of the world can understand each other in that language. So may love be as universal as that. Bless that stricken family, that fine lad of such noble qualities and character and that lovely and brilliant and beautiful mother. Somehow may their grief and their anxiety be made more bearable when they realize that all the world is hoping and praying and loving them.

If anywhere there is an unknown mother's heart suffering all alone, no one to pray, or think,

or love her, perhaps in some little room somewhere, alone, forgotten by the world she is fighting her little battle out all by herself, somehow, may our prayer reach her heart, too, today. Wherever there is suffering and sorrow and sadness unheralded and unknown, there goes God and love, and so we would send out this prayer of love to everyone.

Bless that family that has asked for this prayer today, that family suffering the pangs of separation from loved ones — all the sick—everybody. O, infinite Heart, help us to know and to understand that the only protective covering which we can give to ourselves is when we tear off the fabric of selfishness and feel love for others. May the spirit of divine and perfect love prevail. Protect that little child of our heart. Send hosts of angels to guard him, wherever he is, and may the hour bring the triumph that Love always brings."

"Y O U T H"

Sermon By Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, March 6, 1932. (Stenographically Reported.)

"The wording of the subject this morning, 'Youth, This Is Your Day,' upon the surface of it immediately identifies itself with all which is very modern and very contemporary. 'Youth, This Is Your Day!' In the discussion of what I have in mind to say upon that subject, I am not going to discuss any other day, or the Youth of any other age. I am quite familiar with the approach that is frequently made, I might say, almost universally made, by anyone who talks about Youth at all, and that is the approach beginning by comparison, which inevitably leads to criticism. I might occupy the whole time that I shall speak today in comparing this age with the age that I knew before I was twenty-one, but the longer I see this age and live in it and become a part of it, the more convinced I am that it is not so important what your age was or mine, that we came out of, as the age in which we live now. So I am not going to begin by comparisons, as most people begin who talk about Youth, by saying: 'When I was young—' The fact of the matter is that it is so long ago that I have difficulty in remembering some of those early impressions and early situations, and that is not just a play of words, it is an actual truth. There are times when I like to recapture some of the moods and tempos of that period of my life, yet under the pressure of this age it is beginning to become increasingly difficult, so it is reserved for those quiet moments of retrospection to recapture those impressions received when most of us were young.

My concern this morning is not with my age, out of which I came; it is not the period of the romantic 90's; it is not the period of the younger generation that I knew when I was a member of it; it is not these periods that I desire to discuss this morning on this problem. It is the relationship of those who are fortunate enough to have all of the dynamics of Youth in this age, and that is the reason I call it 'Youth, This Is Your Day.'

I know the thrills of my age well enough. I know the dominating motivations that took possession of me in the early years of my ministry. I do not have great difficulty to recapture some sort of an awareness of what seems now those far off ideals of my

own high school days, when under the effervescense and the glory of my youth I wanted to transform the world and to remake it. Youth, it seems to me, always has that faculty of desiring change. It is only the conservative, somber individual who finally settles down with maturity and says: 'Well, I don't know as there is anything that can be done about it.' The attitude of most maturity is the attitude that nothing can be done, but that is not true with Youth. Youth always says: 'Something can be done,' and whether Youth is right or not in the technique and the program of what may be accomplished, nevertheless, there is the attitude of change. Youth looks out on its world and with its sensitiveness and with its fresh consciousness that has not been deadened and leadened by all of the brutalizing experiences that come to so many of us as we mature, Youth with its dreams says: 'It can be done,' and sometimes it does not only say it can be done, but it says: 'It must be done!' and then it ripens into maturity in the task of the technique of the doing of it.

So I stand in my little window of the world this morning and I want to become the spokesman for that type of Youth, not the listless type, not the type of individual who takes advantage of a certain laxity of life, not the type of young person who mistakes pleasure for happiness, or the young person who has such a chaotic and twisted viewpoint of life's values that they feel that they can waste Youth and then redeem themselves in maturity. There is one clarion call that I would like to sound out to the heart of every young person in this splendid congregation this morning, and every young person listening today — and it is based not upon hearsay but it is based upon experiential relationships with life. I know it sounds like preaching, and I know that modern youth does not particularly like to be preached to or at, and I do not like to become the preacher, but the artist, in the presentation of some of these truths that would react in your consciousness as great art reacts, rather than mere moralization sometimes reacts, but I wish I had some faculty or power to reach a young man, and young woman, today in this age that seems to have at times a lessened appreciation of the importance of Youth, and trades it for that which is so cheap and so shoddy and so ephemeral—trades Youth in this business of life for something that is not worth while and does not possess eternal characteristics. That's the tragedy of Youth, and it is necessary for me to say that before I can appeal to you upon the basis that I have in mind. The tragedy of dissipating life! That, to me, is the paramount tragedy that life has, the tragedy of wearing down your bodies and wearing them out in the things that do not matter. It is the tragedy of violating the laws of unity and of love to the extent that the very highest expression of the whole universe in the creative character of man's natural procreative instincts are to be slaughtered by the baseness of temporary passion. To mutilate the body by all of these things is the foundation disaster of life, and we see Youth exercising its energy in those faculties which command a certain form of intellectual character as books that are of no consequence, as plays that are of no value, as pictures that do not possess eternity in their heart, as life that only means wreckage and ruin. O, Youth, don't mutilate youth! If I could only make every person under twenty-one here and hearing me know that at forty you will pay, at fifty you will pay, at fifty you will pay more, and every year that is added to your life will be a year that demands payment and there will always be you to pay, and when there is an

opportunity for something that is constructive and noble and splendid, what can you do with a broken, twisted chaotic life? What can you do with a body that is ruined? What can you do with a heart that has never learned the difference between the flurry of the temporary and the reality of the permanent? What can you do with a brain that has been so befogged and saturated by false and artificial stimulants that the fine quality of brain cell has been so interfered with in its degenerating capacity that you cannot think straight and see straight and live straight and walk straight, because Nature has a way of never forgetting! She has a way of never forgiving, and if you want to build for forty, you cannot begin at thirty. There is no more damnable doctrine ever perpetrated, than is sometimes so gibly used as an argument by Youth, that 'Youth must have its fling,' and that 'wild oats must be planted.' That is true, and the tragedy is that it is true. for the only crop that you will ever gather from wild oats is wild oats. That's the law of Nature; that's the very fundamental law upon which the whole universe operates, exists and perpetuates itself into the unkown.

So my first appeal to you young people today is to keep your bodies, your souls, your minds, your hearts in the glory of a beautiful youth. Does not that mean pleasure? Of course, it does. Who is really happy? Who is really free? Who leaps with health and joy and beauty and life and love and laughter? Only those who are integrating their entire lives on the basis of the highest and best—they are the only ones who are really happy and really free. There is no other kind of happiness. There is no other kind of peace. It is the foundation, the key, or the keystone in the arch of life. When I think of this age, that must come first. You cannot rebuild the world, young man, and you cannot help in the task that this modern age demands of you unless you bring to it a very high sensitiveness to get a beautiful standard.

The first thing I would say to you today is this, get some standards," don't make them the standards of any age; make them of the best that you know. What is the philosophy of our life? Have you developed standards embracing an understanding of personality and morals and philosophy? You find it very easy to evidence a lassitude towards certain standards that you know, down deep in your own hearts, exist and you have not been able to intellectualize those standards out of your hearts. Call it what you will, the heritages of race formation are remnants of some vitiated organ of the body in a past age no longer necessary to establish the fine morality of life. The fact of the matter is, down deep in your own hearts you know there are certain standards of life that are primary and essential. Now what about the age that is yours?

I question whether the Youth of any age has ever been presented with a greater opportunity than you have had presented to you. Look at the age! It is an age of topsy-turvyness, an age when everything seems to have gone askew, an age when everyone's attitude is very frequently the attitude of — 'What can be done' an age of much fogginess and much obscurity, an age that is the crucible and all nations and societies are constantly pouring into that crucible, every twenty-four hours, increasing difficulties. This is the age that you have, and you are twenty today, twenty-one, seventeen, fifteen. I add on to your lives twenty-five years, a quarter of a century, to you and to you! Now, then, what are you going to do with it?

I have about abandoned any hope that socalled maturity — I mean by that, people that are at-

tempting to solve the problems of our modern life— are going to be able to do it. Most of these people seem to be bewildered. The most pessimistic man I have met in the past three months was a gentleman 72 years old, with a fine disciplined mind, historical perspective, intellectual grasp of the problems of the world, and out of all the result of that background there is nothing but resignment in the presence of the inevitable.

Those of you who are familiar, as many of you are, with the philosophy of Spengler, will be interested to know that he has just published another little book of slightly over 100 pages which is an effort, and an authoritative effort, to substantiate his theory that he outlined in his 'Decline of Western Civilization,' and when Youth stands on the threshold of the next quarter of a century and realizes that out here in this world of maturity grasping at this plan, depending on this program, thinking that this will work, wondering if that cannot be done, seeking to try this—in all this confusion Youth stands with no background, no philosophy based upon experience — what does Youth see?

I think I know one thing about Youth that I have discovered, and I have been very fortunate in my acquaintance with young people. The one thing about young people that I know is that there is always, somewhere, no matter how dismal and dark the whole situation looks, there is never quite dead HOPE, and the young people that I know never let HOPE die. Of course, as long as hope exists, there exists potentiality, for hope is the very basis of potentiality and possibility.

Now, then, Youth is characterized by its enthusiasm. Whenever I come in contact with young people who are only half-hearted and have no enthusiasm I know they are sick or twisted up, or something is the matter with them. Whenever young people lose their enthusiastic quality over something that is worthy, something is the matter. So with our modern Youth today, how will Youth develop, co-ordinate the natural capacities for enthusiasm into a constructive channel to help solve the problems of the world? I think of that every time I go to a football game or to a baseball game or to a moving picture theater. I think of it when I see that energy at their dances, when I see them in the enthusiasm of conquest and challenge that comes to contestants. I see Youth with its enthusiasm and I say to myself, which is the thesis of the morning, 'How can we, how can Youth, so correlate the potentiality evidenced by this quality of enthusiasm and use it in the great responsibility of life and the solution of life's problems?' Why, at every football game—and I am in favor of it and a lover of football—in every university football game there is enough energy and enthusiasm evidenced, and correctly evidenced, that if that same amount of energy could be trained and regulated and co-ordinated against some of the vicious things of this generation, Youth would remake the world!

That's the situation that I see. That's the tragedy of it to me. Youth, I am not so sure but that we must depend on you to do this task. Look at the age that these young people face! A different age than I had, than most of you had, because this is an age when everything is under the microscope, everything is being analysed. Emotions count for less than they ever counted. Disciplined minds in the realm of science are ever widening and enlarging and increasing the areas of human intelligence. We know more about personality than we have ever known. The modern profession of psychiatry is giving us an access to all the hidden springs of the well being of normal and de-

veloping personality; we know more about the entire fabric of life than we have ever known before. Youth does not have the stone wall that I had and that you had; Youth has access to the resources of knowledge and of science and to the refinement of religion that I never had—that never existed for me. Youth of today has an age in which to evolve and mature that is so saturated with potentiality that to fail is an unutterable disgrace. The higher the opportunity the greater the equipment, and then to fail, the greater the depth of the failure. No one can fall far unless they fall from the heights, and to fall from the heights is a greater tragedy than to fall from the depths. Youth today has a world of heights—education is in the courtroom of public opinion, religion is in the courtroom of public opinion, economics is in the courtroom of public opinion, industrialism is in the courtroom of public opinion, art is in the courtroom of public opinion. The whole creative quality and the whole creative genius of mankind is now out in the experimental and experiential laboratories of human achievement, and what could Youth do with this with its enthusiasm? What could Youth do with this?

The other day I spoke to the inmates of the Cook County jail in the afternoon and I was escorted into that chapel and I walked down that aisle, and to my utter surprise, when I stood up to speak, the first three or four hundred inmates that I looked at were all of them boys between 17 and 20! All of them boys! Youth! What is sin? Misdirected energy. The same thing that makes a man bad will make him good if it is only properly directed. I looked into the faces of several hundred boys, and some of them were mighty fine boys, too. When we came to the question box, after I was through with my address, I said: 'I want you to ask me any question that you want to ask. If I can answer it, I will do so. If I cannot, I'll tell you so.' I waited a moment and the first lad up at the Cook County jail about 5 or 6 rows from the front of the platform where I stood was a splendid, vivacious, dynamic chap and he said: 'I want to ask you a question. Who was Amerigo Vespucci?' A question some of you could not answer. One of the most illuminating experiences I ever had were the questions from those inmates. How are we going to coordinate and to synchronize the dynamics and enthusiasm of youth into rightly directed channels?

Finally, the very last question, and it was perfectly silent and I did not know what was coming, and what do you suppose it was? 'How can we get out of here?' (Laughter) Well, they did exactly what you have just done, they smiled out loud, and my reply to that boy was: 'Your question, young man, is not how to get out of here. Your question is how to keep out when you do get out. You should have been considering not what you are going to be punished for doing and how to escape it, but how to prevent the act itself that occasioned the punishment. That's your problem.' And then I asked him this question. I said: 'Who is free?' And they sort of looked at me and at each other. 'Are you free?' And I pointed my finger at those lads. I said: No! The boy out yonder that is going straight and trying to do the best he can, that boy is free, and why?' In a general sense, of course, this is. 'That boy is free because he obeys the fundamental, ethical, and moral standards of his age. That's the basis of freedom and liberty.'

So when I think of the sensitiveness of Youth—Youth is always more so than maturity—I wonder what we can do with this enthusiasm and energy. I sat the other night in the City of Utica, New York, by the side of a man,

pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, the most important pulpit in that city, and this man has been three times within the last two years to Russia. As I sat by his side I said to him, this: 'Doctor, would you please tell me what was the most outstanding impression that you brought home with you from Russia?' His answer startled me. He said: 'The most stupendous impression which I have from Russia is the unprecedented loyalty, and enthusiastic, organized, unquestioned co-operation which the Youth of Russia are giving to the Soviet experiment.' He said: 'The Youth of Russia are on fire for the success of the Soviet Government.' The Youth of Russia! He said: 'What will have to be coped with, by those who are against the development of the Soviet ideal amongst the nations of the world, will be the enthusiasm of Youth toward the Russian ideal as it is working out in the Soviets of Russia. That's the record of my three trips up and down Russia.'

I wonder what would happen if our youngsters of America would become interested like that, and we could restore the enthusiasm. I heard Winston Churchill say the other night in a lecture, as he has travelled up and down America, the one criticism that he had to make was the strange amount, number, the lack of numbers of young men who were apparently interested in what was going to happen to the country—the strange number of young people who do not seem to be concerned about what was going to happen to the United States. He said: 'Your young men are not going in for politics. They are not going in for government. They are not manifesting a deep interest.' There are spots and exceptions, of course, but I know what he meant and what he had in the background. I say there is a justification for it. If we could get this enthusiasm of the young people of America focused upon the things that are wrong and they would manifest this enthusiastic effort for leadership, with all the dreams and ideals, what a glorious thing it would be!

So I present to you, young people, today, this age. I present it with the shamefaced confession that we, of another generation, have not done very well by the age we gave you. This present age is very largely our making; we are pretty much to blame. With bowed head and with crimson, I acknowledge it. We had our dreams. We had them in 1914, in 1918. We had our dreams and we thought when we went away and the millions, ten millions of us paid for what we thought was an ideal, and we thought that we had at last remade the world. We stood on the mountain peak of our lives and the music was sweet and the Armistice was glorious, and from the cities and the plains and the prairies of America there was released the pent up frenzy of the decade, and O, we thought and said: 'Now the task is done; the deed is performed; look at the world we have made! No nation shall ever again make war against another nation! We have fought the battle that is the final victory in the war against wars!' That's what we thought! That's what we dreamed! You were little children then, some of you were not even born. You were 4 years old, and 5 and 6 and 10, and you may have stood on the street and you may have watched yonder on Michigan Avenue when the first contingent of the Black Hawk Division came home. You may have seen the streets where fluttered into a velvet carpet the tremulous pieces of telephone directories; you may have heard the shouting; you may remember some of the tears. We thought we had remade the world, but we had not, it was all a failure; it was all a hoax. The unknown soldier thunders his voice down the ages at us. The dead of the world rot and are fer-

tilizer for another garden of dreams, and that is your garden. That's where you are, young man. That's where you live, young woman. Don't repeat our mistakes! Don't ever let yourselves get to the position where, when you are 50 or 60, you too must wring out your hearts dry with the gasping phrase 'We have failed, too.' Don't you do it! You have an age that is your age. You have classic examples for you to follow. Keep your bodies pure, your minds functioning, your hearts beautiful. Have Courage — that's my word for you, HAVE COURAGE! Don't be afraid of what they will say. Let them laugh at your dreams. They laughed at mine, too. Let them laugh at the world you want to make. You make the world. Don't worry about us; we are just debris along the way; we have muddled the whole mess; we have made mud upon the canvas, but I give you a brush and a large canvas, and you can, as Kipling said, tear it and cut it for your world that you are going to make. That's the courage that I would give to every young person listening today. COURAGE! COURAGE! Don't let any depression, don't let spirit, don't let failure, don't let chaos stop you. Remember there are such fine qualities of Youth. I am thinking of that splendid Youth today and his beautiful consort, who is of your generation, that Youth who might have wrecked and ruined and spoiled it all. He might have gone to Hollywood and become the idol of a day, rotted his body and saturated his soul with poison and become a spectacle of selfishness and sin, but he chose the better way. That Youth might have taken the way of least resistance—the world was at his feet—but the Lone Eagle of the sky, the man who made a bridge of clouds and who made it all alone, he might have come back to America and under the flush and the ease and the adulation and the pride, might have lost his grip on life and might have faded from the scene but a hollow memory, but no, he was not that kind of a boy. And when he picked the helpmate, it was not because there was money. It was because there was character, high character, for Ann Morrow has written some of the most beautiful poems that have ever been written by an American girl, and there, with that character and heart and beauty these two youngsters have lived life on a high plane with a high altitude and with a great vista. Model your lives after them! They are the models for life. Courage, my boy, Courage! Contrasted with that other lad who, at this moment, is cold in death on a slab yonder in an undertaker's morgue, only twenty years old, who blew out his brains yesterday—only twenty! He lost his courage—got a twisted sense of life.

The only thing I envy you young people is the fact that most of you have fifty years of life before you. Mine is over half lived. You are just beginning. Oh Oh, to be twenty again with an age like this to work in!"

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Dr. Bradley kept the following engagements in February:

1—Laymen's League Meeting
2—Address, North Shore Kiwanis Club
2—Radio Address, WMAQ
7—Two Sermons, Peoples Church
8—Board Meeting, Peoples Church
9—Address, Woman's Allied Club
9—Address, Radio WMAQ
11—Annual Dinner Peoples Church
12—Address, Grand Blvd. Congregational Church, Milwaukee
14—Two Sermons, Peoples Church
16—Address, Park Ridge Woman's Club

16—Address, Radio WMAQ
18—Address, Chicago Kiwanis Club
18—Address, North Shore Temple
19—Address, Dubuque, Iowa
21—Two Sermons, Peoples Church
22—Address, Ottawa, Ill.
23—Address, Aurora, Ill.
23—Address, Radio, WMAQ
24—Address, Cook County Jail
25—Address, Utica, New York
26—Address, Adventurers Club
28—Two Sermons, Peoples Church
29—Address, Memorial Hall, Racine, Wis.

Funerals

16—Albert Louis Schultz, Interment, Graceland.
18—Mr. Andresen, Interment, Memorial Park.

Weddings

5—Edward S. Caldwell and Mildred Reddick.
12—Ralph C. Close and Sarah L. Smith.
27—Herbert J. Will and Almeda Geshner.
27—Robert J. Stephenson and Bessie W. Rooney.

ENGLISH GARDENS

(Published by request)

Looking back thru records of past ages we become dimly aware that before the Christian era, the inhabitants of Britain were little conversant with arts or agriculture and owed all their training, which a few centuries later made these islands one of the granaries of the world, to the influence of the all conquering Romans. At the fall of the Roman Empire horticulture and all pertaining to it fell into the hands of the monks in the monastaries scattered all up and down the land. There cultures of "simples" and medicinal herbs was fostered but gardening gradually fell away until it became almost a lost art. Thus did gardening stand stationery till persecutions abroad made England a house of refuge, and Flemish weavers and cloth-workers came to make their abode.

We may look back as far as the reign of Queen Elizabeth for the re-awakening of cottage gardening which has never since lost its hold. Strange instance of the contrariness of human nature, that during one of the most artificial periods known in English history—when manners, habits and literature were all furthest removed from simplicity—there should have been a cry raised for Nature, and nothing but Nature, in gardens.

The Flemish working class were florists as well as growers of vegetables, and it is probable that flowers appealing to national sentiment, became the true incentive to the revival of gardening in provincial towns and countryside. At about the same period a wave of scientific research swept over Europe, and horticulture was eagerly taken up as a pastime by the wealthy as well as by the scholar as a study. By this means it came to pass that many a rare bulb and plant—relics of old homes gone beyond recall—found passage, along with onions and cabbages over the storm tossed waters of the North Sea; or the channel from the opposite coast of France, to rest and be cultivated in England's gardens.

It may be the natural tints of the mist-laden atmosphere that make sea-girt folk like the English crave for the contrast of rich warm color. Perhaps it is the sweet English spring-time, surpassed in no other land, with its budding greenery, its primroses, hawthorne hedges, and violets — whatever the compelling influence, the fact remains that the love of flowers is strong in the heart of every British man and woman, knit into the very fiber of their nature and lies at the root of the national reputation for gardening.

Nothing is more characteristic of the English countryside, and nothing strikes a traveler more

forcibly than the cottage gardens which everywhere fringe the roadsides and village lanes.

There was the period, when William and Mary came to the throne of England, that the Dutch form of gardens became "the fashion" with all sorts of designs carried out in flower beds —very symmetrical and formal. And there was the period of clipping trees and shrubs into shapes of animals and other objects—to be laughed at by the next generation. In rural districts this old custom remains today—especially in Ireland. Then came the idea of landscape gardening. It seems to have been Rousseau who, preaching Nature, as Taine says "made the dawn visible to people who had never risen till noon, the landscape to eyes that had only rested hitherto upon drawing rooms and palaces."

Then Richardson, the novelist, followed Rousseau, and helped with others to weave "sentiment" as well as "Nature" into gardens. It was one Humphrey Repton in 1783 who was the first to call himself a "Landscape Gardener."

It is however the true love of flowers, pure and simple, not landscape gardening nor schemes of color, nor display of art, that permeates the typical English garden, and forms one strong connective link between all ranks of English people.

The national importance of the cottage garden can hardly be rated too highly—for its influence for good is incalculable.

Dame Nature has given a most beautiful lesson in love in these gardens belonging to the poorer class, for clever, gentle, loving tending of the flowers is repaid with much finer results in these tiny plots than in the great gardens cared for by the best paid gardeners and planted with seeds and cuttings of the most expensive kind. People wonder what magic power causes such lovely blossoms and such profuse bloom when crowded into the small corner of ground belonging to the workman's cottage. Love is that magic power. The English and French working people find refreshment for body and spirit, real joy, and peace, at the close of the day, to step into their little gardens after the simple evening meal and work among their flowers. Such health giving, wholesome work!

The more the love of flowers and of cultivating them can be cherished and developed in the children of the present generation the better for all nations! It is alas, too often the middle aged—or even elderly people — that one sees tending the cottage gardens. The enthusiasm is there burning low in scores of boys and girls, and it only needs kindling to break into the flame which would help to burn up much of the dross of half hearted interest in the real work of life, and the reckless craving for pleasure and excitement which is sapping much of the moral strength of youth today.

What a happy thing it is for the world at large that there are common things of life of which we never tire—the sweet air of springtime—sunshine—the green of trees—and bird song. Into the order of such common things I am sure the English would bring rosemary —a n d lavender! Probably no shrubs would seem to be more closely interwoven with English country life than these two. The very name of lavender carries with it a sense of wholesomeness. The custom of placing dried lavender among household linens and apparel has been handed down from mother to daughter for many a century. There are many ways in which it is used in gardens—sometimes as a bush—or large clumps,—for back ground to pink china roses for instance—a lovelier combination of delicacy in color could hardly be imagined. While rosemary dates back for nearly five hundred years as an English garden plant, the leaves

delicately scented and "tasty" used for seasoning along with thyme and other herbs, and its flower as blue as the sky. In olden days no bride went to the church on her wedding day without sprigs of rosemary in her bouquet, and at country funerals it is still customary to drop rosemary in the grave.

Close to lavender and rosemary in association with English gardens comes the primrose. I am told that with the first warm April sunshine, the soft wind stirring dry leaves, the sweet merry little primroses peep out—now here—now there—quantities of them everywhere—in clumps of dainty color—in crevices of rock—along the hedgerows of the roadside gladsome spots on the banks of brooks—then the woodland—verily the carpeting of spring! With the song of the lark in the meadows, the flowering hedgerows making all the countryside a park way, violets and primroses sprinkling the ground and the breath of lavender perfuming the air after rain—small wonder Browning, the poet wrote with the heart throb of longing. "Ah—to be in England—Now that April's there!"

In striking contrast to many other fads or hobbies, the interest in gardening, when once it has taken root in your being, flows on and on without ebb. There are few outdoor amusements of which the same may be said. The last thirty years have seen the wax and wane of many open-air games and occupations. Tennis and croquet, so absorbing in their day, have had their ups and downs. Bicycling no longer holds the position in public favor it once enjoyed, and motoring seemingly in the ascending scale, may have given place in another decade—who knows—to airships —something equally exciting.

Most English gardens boast of a pergola, or a little garden house, either one having seats and a table, where the mistress serves tea to her afternoon visitors, or where they play bridge, or—as often happens they seek shelter from the lawn in a sudden shower—which in England comes at any moment without warning. An outstanding feature of the English garden is its privacy. I am not speaking of course of the cottage garden, but the garden belonging to the better homes. This is due to its being enclosed, and it lies at the back of the house. It is always walled in! Either a stone wall over which vines creep and almost cover it—or thick shrubbery—or a high clipped hedge may surround the garden—and these form the background for flowers as nothing else can. Extensive grounds are often laid out like rooms of a house—with parting walls of shrubbery or even of trees or hedge, and lovely paths bordered with flowers lead like a hallway from one room to another—or it may be a pergola rose covered, through which one enters the next "garden-room"—and always flowers and shrubbery are planted to form a picture—with exquisite harmony of color.

Verily the spell of enchantment lies in these old-world gardens with their cool shadows, brilliant sunspots, sparkling fountains, paths and lawns—full of sweet scent, color and song.

The pipes of Pan must surely sound at night fall and fairies dance on the velvety grass-paths in the moonlight — in English Gardens!

Grace Thayer Bradley.

(Paper prepared for "Garden Day" for The Woman's Club of The Peoples Church.)

LENTEN SERVICES

During the month of March Dr. Bradley presented the following subjects:

Some Religious Problems

Sunday mornings—10:45 a. m.

March 6—"Youth—This is Your Day"

March 13—"Is There A God Who Cares?"
March 20—"Is the Church a Failure?"
March 27—"Is Immortality a Dream?"

A Religion for Today

Sunday Evenings—7:30 p. m.
March 6—"Religion and Unemployment"
March 13—"Religion and Prayer"
March 20—"Religion and the Creeds"
March 27—"Religion and the Future Life"
March 27—"The Power of an Endless Life," 3:00 p. m.

Holy Week

Selwyn Theater 12:10 p. m.

March 21—"What Is Repentance?"
March 22—"My Religion."
March 23—"Is Religion Dying?"
March 24—"Jesus and Today"
March 25—"The Value of Persecution"

The Peoples Church 8:00 p. m.

March 21—"Jesus and His Friends"
March 22—"Jesus and His Enemies"
March 23—"Jesus and His Philosophy"
March 24—Memorial and Communion
March 25— "The Supreme Tragedy."

A WORD PRIVATELY WITH YOU

Never in all my ministry have I known greater interest in the things of life that really matter. People are more concerned about the finer and higher aspects of life than I have known them to be for a long time. This attitude is inspiring to everyone who has the great responsibility of speaking or writing during these times. With all this in mind I am planning the most inspiring and helpful sermons of which I am capable to be given every Sunday during the remainder of our Church year.

Every subject this winter will deal directly with some of our many personal and social problems and every address is being carefully planned to be maximum help and encouragement. I never enjoyed preaching more than now and never had such large and responsive congregations. After the service last Sunday evening I went down and addressed the overflow congregation which packed Channing Hall and which had heard the entire evening service thru the loud speakers we have installed. This I shall continue to do thruout the winter.

It is no secret that many homes are operating today on budgets smaller than for many years. A full share of those homes are ones from which this Church receives a considerable portion of its support. There are hundreds of our friends who would think first of this Church and its pastor in times of trouble or need and who say that if they ever join a Church it will be the Peoples Church of Chicago. Some of these have felt that their support was not needed. Are you one of this number? If you are, will you not measure the degree of your loyalty to the ideals by which this Church stands, and to the service which it is ready to give in return? Then — even though your income, like most others is smaller, will you not fill out the coupon for the largest sum you can and place in the offering or return to the Church Office? Your loyalty is deeply appreciated. We are having unprecedented congregations and we must bear our financial burdens.

Will you help?

Preston Bradley, Pastor.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

February 8th, the club day at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, was another of the delightful programs on the Woman's Club calendar. Beginning at eleven in the morning the Division of Art gave the program with Miss Meta Roth Brand, chairman, presenting

Mr. G. Brandt, who illustrated his talk on planning a picture, etc., by blocking out and beginning a still life picture. This he finished in his own studio, and presented it to the lady who held the fortunate number card which was given each person at the door. In the afternoon the poetry and drama departments under chairmanship of Mrs. M. Riley and Mrs. Needham, held the stage, presenting a beautiful program with James Bradley-Griffin giving readings from Vachel Lindsay, followed by a one act play given by the Uptown Players; the play was the Federation prize play "Tomorrow."

Another red-letter day for the club fell on February 22nd, and properly for that date the program was given in honor of the George Washington Bicentennial. It was also Garden Day, and the program was arranged by the garden committee with Mrs. E. Eddy chairman. There was the largest audience of the season gathered in Channing Hall, and they were obviously pleased when the velvet curtains were drawn showing the stage transformed into a beautiful garden, tall palms, rubber plants, ferns and other greens, with hyacinths and other flowers adding color, while branches of cherry blossoms (artificial) formed a cherry tree in bloom in the center. Members of the Board and the Reception committee dressed in colonial costume with white wigs "powder and patch" formed a tableau of 18th century ladies holding a garden party. "America" was sung by all present and the pledge to the flag made. Then all but Mrs. Eddy left the stage and she introduced Mrs. Hermsdorf, our president, who spoke a few words of greeting. Ruthanne Rermsdorf, linguist, read a splendidly prepared paper on "The Life of Washington . The Tendi String Trio furnished the musical numbers during the afternoon, Mrs. Preston Bradley read a paper on "English Gardens" following it with fifty lantern slide pictures of English gardens and scenes, closing with Sulgrave Manor the ancestral home of the Washingtons, Geo. Washington's home at Mt. Vernon, the gardens at Mt. Vernon showing Geo. Washington directing darkey gardeners at planting—this from a painting, and then a picture of Martha Washington and George Washington. Mrs. Bradley also showed pictures of Mary Arden's cottage at Wilmcote, Anne Hathway's cottage and garden at Shottery, the Warick road to Stratford, gardens at Oxford, and many others.

Tea and home made cookies were served from the candlelighted tea table, where the center piece was a miniature cherry tree. Mrs. R. T. Logeman and Mrs. Bradley were the hostesses at each end of the table. The costumes, white wigs, soft lights, music and flowers made a colorful picture, and one of the loveliest affairs given by the club. Floral decorations were by courtesy of Schiller.

INDIFFERENCE

By G. A. Studdert-Kennedy

When Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged him on a tree,
They drave great nails through hands and feet, and made a Calvary;
They crowned him with a crown of thorns, red were his wounds and deep,
For those were crude and cruel days, and human flesh was cheap.

When Jesus came to Birmingham, they simply passed him by,
They never hurt a hair of him, they only let him die;
For men had grown more tender, and they would not give him pain,
They only just passed down the street, and left him in the rain.

Still Jesus cried, "Forgive them
for they know not what they
do,"
And still it rained the winter
rain that drenched him
through and through;
The crowds went home and left
the streets without a soul to
see,
And Jesus crouched against a
wall and cried for Calvary.

WORSHIP AS A UNIFYING FORCE

Worship, like love, unites; speculation and argumentation divide. The moment we try to formulate doctrines, or to construct a theory of church organization, we discover that we are handling explosive material and are sure to arouse disagreement if not dissension. We are moving here in the field of debate, and however plausible our position may seem to us there are always other ways of viewing that same position of ours which we usually overlook.

Worship is not theory; it is not speculation; it is not thinking; it is not talking—it is discovery, adoration, joy, peace, communion, fellowship. There are deeper strata within us than come up to light in our ideas, or decisions, or declarations. The roots of our life—our real life—lie in this subsoil of our innermost being. We need to feed and fructify this deeper buried region, and to liberate its energies. That is what genuine worship does. It opens the avenues of the interior life and lets the spiritual currents from beyond us flow in and circulate about the roots of our being. Whittier was declaring this truth in his fine lines:

"And all the windows of my soul
I open to the day."

It is too, what William Watson is expressing when he:

"Hears the bubbling of the springs
That feed the world."

All truly spiritual persons in all ages have known, at least dimly, that there is some junction of the soul with God in the deeps of the inner self and they have practiced silent communion and concentration of mind as a way of discovering the beyond within themselves. Prayer was joyous correspondence and fellowship of spirit with Spirit before it came to be thought of as a way of getting things from a superior power.

Professor Friederich Heiler, of Marburg, the author of one of the most important books on Prayer that have appeared in modern times—"Das Gebet"—says that "prayer is a living communion of the religious man with God, conceived as personal and present in experience." He thinks of prayer as the heart of religion and always as a direct approach to God and a way of fellowship with him. It is this experience, he believes, which keeps religion alive, fresh and dynamic. With this vital contact gone religion becomes a theoretical affair, a formal system. "Prayer," declared the holy nun, Mechtild von Magdeburg, "draws the great God down into a little heart; it raises the hungry soul to God who holds all things."

Genuine prayer of this deeper and truer type is as old as smiling and weeping, as old as love and death. Men pray still, as William James so well said, "Because they cannot help praying," because, as he further says, they are seeking and finding a Great Companion, and, consequently, he adds, "men will continue to pray until the end of time, unless their inner nature changes in a manner which nothing we know leads us to expect."

I am pleading for an increase of the mystical aspect of religion in our public worship. Our modern world has been living somewhat excessively in the question-asking mood. We have written interrogation points over everything in the universe.

We need to revive the mood of the exclamation point, which in England is happily called "the point of admiration." It would be well if we could shake off our habit of questioning for at least brief spaces and experience instead of a feeling of wonder, a sense of elevation and joy in the presence of that life which environs us and at the same time transcends us. There is a "saying" attributed to Christ which beautifully says: "Let not him who seeks, cease until he finds, and when he finds he will wonder, and wondering he will have rest." Everyone must have noticed how often the New Testament uses the word "Behold!" It is a word of wonder. Something like it is the "Selah" of the Psalms. We might almost translate it, "Think of that!" It is a throb of wonder, a sense of joy. It takes the soul away from the everlasting interrogation point and lets it feel surprise, admiration, joy and wonder. If our meetings and services could bring us into meeds and experiences like that we should throng to them and come away refreshed. If we could get in them "that sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused," we should give up our superficial pleasures and our overtime devotion to business and flock with our neighbors to what then might properly be called "the House of God."

The solution of all our troubles and problems is, I maintain, to be found in the recovery of more vital methods of living communion with God. It would be well for us to reduce the amount of talk, of words, of argument, of question-asking, reduce also what is formal and mechanical, and greatly increase the living, silent, penetrating corporate activity of worship of which Whittier wrote those great words of his—the meaning of which he had experienced:

"Without spoken words, low breathings stole
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole."

—Rufus M. Jones.

TREASURE-TROVE

"Earth's crammed with heaven, but only he who sees takes off his shoes"! Of such the Biblical writer wrote, "Behold they have eyes and see not, ears and hear not." How true this is in the spring time! Last year's flower bed contains wonder enough to stagger six trillion of infidels. What simple confidence there is in a robin's breast as it trusts implicitly the instinct that guides it over ocean waste and mountains' barrenness to seek its forsaken nest beneath your arbor! Despite cold blasts and crimping frosts the audacious crocus defies the remaining winter and pushes its starry head thru the turf to be wreathed by twining sun beams. Earth-worms that were sluggish are beginning to stir, being electrified by a magic spark. Trees that seem dead have begun to throb with new life in every fiber. These all have kept the faith preached by the eloquent tongue of Unending Life. They doubt not its authenticity in spite of threatening forebodings. What treasures lie buried in your back yard! What heralding oracles are proclaimed from your tree tops! What mystic preachers are the birds in your trellises! What verses the earth-worms are writing in your flower beds! O man, make haste, and take off your shoes; for you stand upon holy ground, literally crammed with heaven!

—Argow.

SAIL FORTH

Sail forth—steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless, O Soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me,
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,

And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the seas of God?
O farther, farther, farther sail.
—Walt Whitman.

THE FOREST OF THE GODS

("Said I not unto you, ye are gods?") Sayings of Jesus Christ.

I know a forest where stately trees
Of a thousand hues arise,
Like sacred fires of dear desires,
Seeking, seeking the skies.
That forest rose when the dawn met dark
First where the four winds trod,
And the ether stirred at a spoken word
Out of the heart of God.
The deep drew back when it towered forth
And the light of lights shone then,
For the white flame, Love, it is fashioned of
And its trees are souls of men.
Edmar Chapman,
Batchawana, Ont.

LAUGH

Build for yourself a strong box
Fashion each part with care;
Fit it with hasp and padlock;
Put all your troubles there.
Hide therein all your failures,
And each bitter cup you quaff,
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one of its contents;
Never its secrets share.
Drop in your cares and worries,
Keep them forever there.
Hide them from sight so completely
The world will never dream half,
Fasten the top down securely
Then sit on the lid and laugh.
—Selected.

SOMETIMES

Sometimes when things turn upside down
And inside out and look dark brown,
I rush outdoors and gaze into
The topless sky's eternal blue,
So calm and cool, so still and deep,
With soft contented clouds, like sheep,
I shade my eyes and stare and stare,
Then go back into the house and there
Begin to wonder and to doubt
What I was in a stew about.
—Nancy Byrd Turner.

THOTLESSNESS

One day I saw a little bunch of violets, radiant with beauty. I picked them up and as I held them in my hand I worshiped them as so many goddesses. Then my mind drifted to something else and without thinking, I carelessly crushed the flowers, and their beauty faded away.

And then I thought how often hearts are crushed in the same way—thoughtlessly, carelessly—and life's happiness, which is life's beauty, fades away and dies. Yes, it's just as easy to crush a heart as it is to crush a flower.

—W. Gaines Lynch.

SEATS

Seats may be reserved for the season for the morning service by calling Mrs. Harrison at the Church office, Longbeach 6878. The price is twenty-five dollars for the season. Payments can be arranged to meet the convenience of the seatholder. 1000 seats are not offered for reservation, but are always held to be used by those not seat-holders. Reserved seats are held Sunday mornings until 10:55. You will materially assist the church by making your reservations now.

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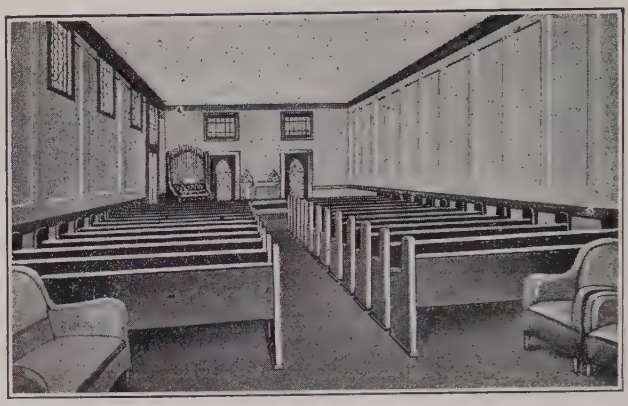

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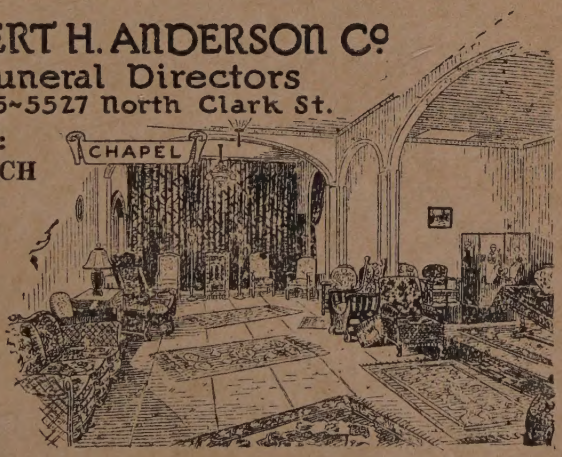

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